

Hof

# POEMS,

ON  
Several OCCASIONS.

---

BY THE  
AUTHOR of the POEM  
ON THE  
*Cambridge* LADIES.

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To erring Youth there's some Compassion due,  
But while with Rigour you their Crimes pursue,  
What's their Misfortune, is a Crime in you.

SOUTH.

It's Nature all; let Nature take the Blame.

DRYDEN.

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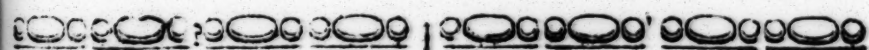
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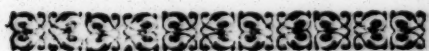
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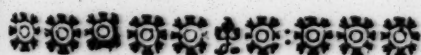
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*Stirbitch-Fair.*

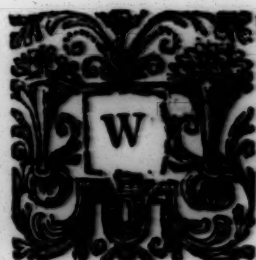


# STIRBITCH-FAIR.

A Mock - Heroick - P O E M :

In Five C A N T O ' S.

## C A N T O I.



WHAT dire Offence rose from a trivial Thing,  
What great Disaster, Heav'n-born Goddess, sing :  
This is to MANLIUS Vindication due,  
This MARIANA may vouchsafe to view ;  
Read, if at Leisure, and confess it true. }

What strange Disgust, say, what unusual Heat,  
Cou'd make a *Cambridge* N Y M P H refuse a Treat ?  
And tho' our N Y M P H, from native Climate flown,  
Shares, and augments, the Pleasures of the † Town ;  
Yet happy *Cambridge*, yet, thine envy'd Earth,  
Shall ever boast the honour of her Birth.

N o w the third Quarter of the rolling Year  
Was just begun, and *Stirbitch-Fair* drew near ;  
And now our beauteous Heroine intends  
To make a Visit, to her *Cambridge* Friends :  
Much their repeated Letters move the Maid,  
Much the Diversions of the Time perswade :  
Now Gallantry 'mongst Sophisters is sound,  
And Musick-booths appear on Attick-Ground.

B

H E R.

\* The two first Lines are almost taken out of the Rape of the Lock.  
† London.

## 2 STIRBITCH-FAIR:

H E R Footman haft'ning with an eager Pace,  
In the Stage-Coach secures an early Place :  
The time past on — to-morrow is the Day,  
When M A R I A N A must no longer stay.

S O O N as the Morn dispell'd the Clouds of Night,  
And gave new Birth to the returning Light,  
The Maid awak'd her, by her own Command,  
And gently jogg'd her with a careful Hand ;  
Th' affrighted Nymph itares round her with Surprise,  
And rubs, with both her Hands, her half-shut Eyes ;  
Scolds at the Maid, for calling her so soon,  
Unus'd at other times to rise till Noon.  
At length, when she had learnt with much ado,  
This was the Morning she design'd to go ;  
After one half hour's soft indulg'd Repose,  
Like *Venus*, starting from the Sea, she rose,  
Put on her trav'ling Hoop, and huddl'd on her Cloaths. }  
Her Mother, now was up, with Grief oppress'd,  
A thousand Cares were lab'ring in her Breast :  
Soon as she rose, she to her Daughter ran,  
Hung on her Hand, and sighing, thus began.

A R T thou resolv'd then, M A R I A N A, say,  
I can't command, but yet I wish you'd stay :  
For sure this Dress, and little Hoop, forbode,  
(Your constant Fellow-trav'lers on the Road,)   
That you're resolv'd, obdurate, to be gone,  
And leave me here, disconsolate, alone.  
Not that I grieve because I'm left behind,  
Or envy you — sure that wou'd be unkind.  
But, when I think to what a Place you go,  
It rends my Heart, and strikes my Soul with Woe.

For



# STIRBITCH-FAIR.

3

For there, a thousand blooming Youths you'll meet,  
Like Demi-Gods they move along the Street:  
And thou art young! then have a special care,  
Beware of all, but most of these beware.  
And think again, to what an House thou goest,  
An House, where lives a celebrated Toast:  
Her Company will spoil, or what is worse,  
Make you the Object of some Scribler's Verse:  
May you not find this veris'd too soon,  
And grow like her Immortal in Lampoon.

OMENS besides, of a portentous kind,  
Dreadful arise, to my affrighted Mind;  
Such as the bravest Spirits might appall,  
You pass them by, but I observ'd them all.  
A China Bowl, on yonder Table stood,  
The Bowl capacious, and the China good;  
In which your Dear, Dear Father, when alive,  
Us'd to drink Punch. (but why do I survive,)  
In which the Parson, give the Man his due,  
Has drank his Share, and christen'd Children too.  
But now no longer put to Christning's Use,  
No longer conscious of the Lemon Juice:  
Unmov'd it stood; till you, with whisking Gown  
Headless rush'd by, alas! and swept it down.

Y o u r little Dog too, as you left the Room  
In haste, preparing, down the Stairs to come,  
(Remark this Omen) in your Passage lay,  
And with his Body seem'd to cross your way:  
You took no Notice of unhappy \* *Prue!*  
Ne'er bid your little Red fellow adieu,  
But prest his Leg with a regardless Shoe.

B 2

\* Mariana's *Lap dog.*

}  
An

An hundred Omens jointly do conspire,  
 Add to all these, your Mother's fond Desire:  
 Thus much she said ——— and ended with a sigh,  
 And thus her beauteous Daughter made reply.

THE N must the Effects of your distemper'd Mind,  
 Make me thus waking, real Torments find.  
 I, too, had Dreams, but not such Dreams as those;  
 I dreamt of Coffee-boths, and square-capt-Beaus;  
 Of Joys, which none can tell but those who love,  
 Such Joy, as waking I cou'd wish to prove.  
 Here, dear Mamma, I might for ever live,  
 And ne'er receive, nor the least Favours give:  
 But there a Toast ——— for how shou'd I escape,  
 Handsome enough, and something of a Shape.  
 What if one single Bowl has gone astray,  
 That single Bowl with hundreds I'll repay:  
 High as the Cieling, Pyramid's I'll raise,  
 Of † *W*——'s China, Trophies of my Praise.  
 \*\* Tho' you, and *Prue* herself, oppose my way,  
 I'll break thro' all, impatient of Delay:  
 I'll set my Parts, though ev'ry Step I take  
 Makes the Room tremble, and the China shake.  
 This said ——— she rush'd impetuous to the Gate,  
 Willful, and blind to her approaching Fate:  
 Then mounts the Coach; the Maid with all her might  
 Tuckt in her Hoop, and saw that Things were right;  
 Her Mother, at a Window, from on high,  
 Pursues the Coach, with a fore-boding Eye.

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† *The Man that keeps the Raffling-booth.*

\*\* *An Allusion to a Passage in OEdipus.*

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The End of the first Canto.

# STIRBITCH-FAIR:

5



## C A N T O II.

**A**ND now the Heads, with a peculiar Care,  
 Had eat their \* Oysters, and proclaim'd the Fair:  
 Now modest Sophs, in haste thro' *Barnwell* pass,  
 Nor stop at Mother *Brand's*, to take a Glas:  
 The Coaches rattle o'er the stony Ground,  
 With *Stirbitch* ho! the *Cambridge* Streets resound.  
 And see our Gallant *M A N L I U S* now prepare,  
 To hand our beauteous Heroine to the Fair.  
 Genteel, well-drest, in ev'ry Point compleat,  
 Spruce, tho' not fine, and tho' not foppish, neat.  
 Now to the Market-Hill in haste he goes,  
 Where numerous Hacks present themselves in Rows:  
 His Footman view'd them all, and pitch'd on one,  
 By the Brass Nails, and Paint, his Heart was won.  
 A Coat of Arms, tho' half rubb'd out, it bore,  
 With Tossels, grac'd behind, and Glas before.  
 Some Country Squire's, perhaps, in time of old,  
 Now by his Coachman, or his Widow, sold.  
 Then, in the Coach-house it securely lay,  
 Never drawn out, but on the Sabbath-day:  
 When the good Squire his Farming would forbear,  
 And, from the Plough, his lab'ring Horses spare.  
 Now hackt about, and never unemploy'd,  
 It wants that Quiet which it once enjoy'd.

And

---

\* A Custom the Vice-Chancellor, and Heads of the University,  
 have, of eating Oysters when they proclaim the Fair.



## 6 STIRBITCH-FAIR.

And now our Hero, of immortal Fame,  
 Past thro' the Crowd, and to a Parlour came,  
 Where all the Nymphs in Expectation sat,  
 Passing away the Time, in pleatant Chat.  
 Here MARIANA shone above the rest,  
 With beauteous Eyes, and Charms superior blest;  
 Long had she sat that Morning at the Glass,  
 As long considering how to frame her Face.

Now MANLIUS, after talking to the fair,  
 Look'd on his Watch, and said, the time drew near:  
 Then from his Seat arose, and bending low,  
 Offer'd his Hand with a respectful Bow:  
 When MARIANA, to his great Surprize,  
 Drew back in haste, and thus his Hand denies.  
 Pardon me Sir — to me this is not due,  
 What, take Place of Seniors! and in *Cambridge* too,  
 But surely I know better what to do.  
 Madam, said he, these Nymphs are always here,  
 You, and the Fair, come only once a Year.  
 In vain a thousand Arguments he tries,  
 He still persists to ask, she still denies;  
 Thrice he drew near, and thrice renew'd th'Attack,  
 Thrice she refus'd, and thrice her Hand drew back.  
 Yet *Stainmore* cou'd, said he, this Honour gain,  
 Which I'm, it seems, unworthy to obtain,  
 And am I then so fall'n, so little grown,  
 To such an abject, state of Fortune thrown,  
 That *Stainmore*, then a better Man is thought,  
 To such a lowly, mean, Condition brought.  
 He said — but still unmov'd remain'd the Dame,  
 Th'excuse, like her unmov'd, was still the same;  
 She wou'd not go before an elder Face,  
 Not like the rest of Women, fond of Place.

MEAN

## STIRBITCH-FAIR:

7

M E A N time th' impatient Coachman, at the Gate  
Waits long, or rather, will no longer wait.  
What must the Fellow have, young M A N L I U S said,  
A Crown was asked, and a Crown was paid.  
At length, the Youth with Rage begins to burn,  
And longs to make a suitable Return:  
A lucky Thought, to his pleased Fancy rose;  
Prompting Revenge — Revenge the Hero chose.  
The Clock strikes Six — he rises from his Chair,  
And once again, attempts the cruel Fair;  
The now relenting Nymph, with Ease comply'd,  
Granted the Favour, which she just deny'd:  
Whether she fear'd he'd take some desp'rate Course,  
Steal it by Fraud, or ravish it by Force;  
Whether she recollected some Mistake,  
Or did it, purely for another's sake,  
Is doubtful yet ———  
But He regardless, were she Goddess born;  
Her Hand rejected with a noble Scorn.  
Madam, he cry'd, you honour me too much,  
Your Hand, so white, so smooth, in short 'tis such,  
As *Stainmore*, and your self alone, are fit to touch.  
Had I thus askt, obdurate, o'er, and o'er,  
The greatest Favours Woman has in store,  
You cou'd not, wou'd not have deny'd them more.  
But now I guess the Cause, a Story told,  
When you, and I, were young, in time of old;  
That our two aged Parents did design  
To make me yours, and you for ever mine.  
Perhaps you fear the cens'ring World may say,  
What, M A R I A N A's gone with him to Day;  
She'll shortly leave her Mother in the Lurch,  
Next Turn she takes with him, will be to Church.

But

### 3      STIRBITCH-FAIR.

But hear me Nymph, attentively receive  
 What I can hardly say, and you will scarce believe.  
 Trust me I had no finifter Intent;  
 Not Courtship, but Civility was meant:  
 But, if this small Civility appear  
 Too great, for an unwedded Nymph to bear,  
 Such as with Marriage only can agree,  
 Thy Heart, and lilly Hand, now both are free?  
 Many more Nymphs in *Cambridge* I can find,  
 Tho' not so beauteous, yet perhaps more kind.  
 He said, enrag'd, he suddenly withdrew,  
 Turn'd on his Heel, and vanish'd from their View.

THE Nymphs each other View with staring Eyes,  
 And look aghast, which testify'd Surprise.  
 Silence then reign'd among a female Throng,  
 Which *Chloris* wou'd not let continue long;  
 And thus she said; — you were to blame my Jewel,  
 I'm sure I never cou'd be half so cruel:  
 Alas my Friend, how luckless is thy Fate,  
 You may relent, but now relent too late.  
 But now suppose, let's set this Case aside,  
 And let the Cause by Arguments be try'd:  
 Since she, that over conscious of her Charms,  
 Wont take a kind young Fellow to her Arms,  
 Must never with the Nuptial Joys be blest;  
 But go to Bed — meely to take her Rest,  
 With a dull Partner in the Nursery laid,  
 An elder Sister, or, at best the Maid:  
 Therefore, the only Comfort that remains,  
 To balance Notes, and mourn each others Pains.  
 Hear me, ye Nymphs, and you long cruel Fair,  
 Whilst Things are thus, as surely thus they are,

Vow,



## STIRBITCH-FAIR.

9

Vow, and protest, and say whate'er you can,  
'Tis downright Nonsense to refuse a Man.  
She said; nor Answer, nor Applause ensu'd,  
The silent fair ones blusht, and thought 'twas rude:  
They seem'd to disapprove what they cou'd wish,  
And MARIANA made a serious Pish —.

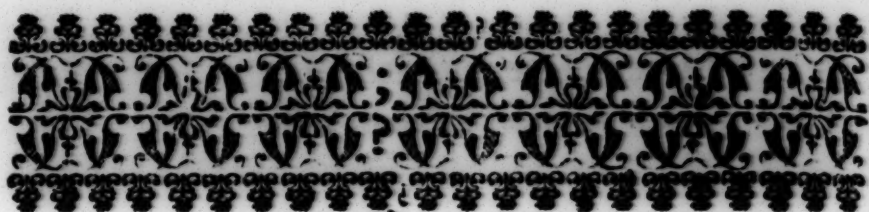
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The End of the second Canto.



C

CANTO



## C A N T O III.

**A** Thousand Cares young M A N L I U S Breast assail,  
 His Cause was good, but what cou'd that avail,  
 If there were none to propogate the Tale. }

Heralds enough on th'other Side are found,  
 With what he wants, his Enemies abound.

F o r Female Succour, see the Hero flies,  
 And straight himself to Mistress Fame applies.  
 She in a private Lane her Dwelling had,  
 More publick now, by her Reception made;  
 And tho' she can't compare with Virgil's Fame,  
 For Ears, and Tongues, her Talking is the same.  
 Besides her Chat, a thousand little Arts,  
 Gain'd her Admission to the Ladies Hearts.  
 She 'cou'd rehearse the Scandal of the Town,  
 The Scandal oft pleas'd better than the Gown.  
 To please the present, she'd the absent blame,  
 And Stitch, by Stitch, undo a Lady's Fame.

From

## STIRBITCH-FAIR.

II

From old Lampoons, (by length of Time forgot)  
The Names of all the *Cambridge* Toasts she wrote,  
Their Shapes, Complexions, Ages, and what not.  
To her the Fair disclos'd whate'er they knew,  
And nothing kept in Secret from her view.

HERE MANLIUS sends — she hears the Youth's Command,  
And flings the Work unfinish'd from her Hand.  
Ne'er stays with Laces to confine her Waste,  
But wrapt in loose Attire, arriv'd in haste.  
Now, she the Tale with due Attention hears,  
And sucks it in with ever thirsting Ears.  
But in the midst of all, th' impatient Tongue,  
Thought that the Ears were gratify'd too long:  
Thrice she got up, and wou'd have ran away  
With half a Story, thrice he forc'd her Stay:  
Soen as 'twas done, she went, or rather flew,  
Longing to ease her Mind of all she knew.

Now was it best the Coffee-house to choose,  
Or at the Market-cross proclaim the News?  
They were too private, — so she e'en went home,  
And told the Story to a crowded Room.  
The winged Story, soon as told, took Air,  
Now spread from the beginning of the Fair,  
Where Cheese: pil'd, appear'd, a goodly Shew,  
To the extreamest part of Garlick-Row.

FULL in the Heart of all the Fair, there stands  
A Booth, adorn'd by more than common Hands:



## 12 STIRBITCH-FAIR

The Ruffling-booth 'tis call'd by Men below,  
 The Nymphs Delight — by Gods that better know;  
 Where each puts in a Shilling for a Throw.  
 The Nymphs surround you, with impatient Eyes,  
 Hang round the Box, and flutter round the Prize.  
 And then, if the propitious Fates ordain  
 That you sling highest, and the Raffle gain,  
 The Ladies sweetly smiling, o'er, and o'er,  
 With you much Joy, that you may win 'em more.  
 For various Fancies, there are various Things,  
 Some best like China, some delight in Rings.  
 As late *Aurelia* did, (if Fame says true)  
 What if she did? perhaps she wisely knew,  
 That length of Time wou'd bring into Disgrace,  
 The finest China, as the fairest Face;  
 That Gold, like Vertue, spite of Time, or Fate,  
 Tho' it shou'd lose its Shape, retain'd its Weight.  
 But now not lately at the Fair she's been,  
 Nor foremost at the Ruffling-booth is seen.  
 Condemn'd at home to spend the tedious Day,  
 And with Mamma, to pass the Night away.  
 She ask'd, she begg'd, they say she almost cry'd  
 To see one Play, but stern Mamma deny'd.  
 And to her said, with a forbidding Look,  
 Come Child, and read to me this Godly Book;  
 Here you may learn to sing, and to rejoice,  
 And charm your Mother with thy Heavenly Voice.  
 And wou'd you then my Daughter, wou'd you now,  
 Go see those Plays, our Enemies allow;  
 Those Enemies with whom I always jar,  
 And for thy Sake, will ever be at War.  
 Think how for thee I toil, and labour hard,  
 And for my Pains thy Frowns are my Reward.

# STIRBITCH-FAIR:

13

I know you disapprove whate'er I say,  
And now wou'd leave your Work to see a Play:  
Why dost thou, Daughter, such a Boon require?  
Thy Brother here, has no such low Desire;  
A Thirst of Knowledge sets his Soul on fire.  
He, when a Boy, (such Boys you'll seldom find)  
Gave early Proofs of a discerning Mind.  
One Morning, as the Boy his Primmer read,  
To me he ran with great Concern, and laid,  
Here is a single, for a double O,  
It shou'd be *too*, and look Mamma 'tis *so*.  
I plac'd upon my Lap the hopeful Boy,  
And smiling, view'd him with a Mother's Joy.  
And thus I spoke ———

}  
}

Before a graduate Gown adorns thy Back,  
Thou shalt distinguish 'twixt an *et*, and *ac*.  
Then be a Scholar, thy Mamma to please,  
And as you grow, you'll merit your Degrees:  
Thy Tongue, unwilling, shall in Latin speak,  
Thy learned Head shall sweat in Drops of Greek.  
With sudden Pleasure thus inspir'd, I said,  
Omens confirm'd the Prophecy I made.  
From off that Shelf that's o'er the Closet Door,  
An old Greek Grammar tumbld on the Floor:  
Books, which for Ages lay secure, now thund'ring fell,  
By what strange Impulse mov'd, the Gods alone can tell.  
Go Daughter, and thy bright Example see,  
Copy thy Brother, as you'd copy me.

S H E said, and to her Work return'd again,  
The sobbing Nymph retir'd, nor durst complain.  
In vain with Musick she her Cares appeas'd,  
Which, had it been abroad, had better pleas'd:

1a

## 14 STIRBITCH-FAIR.

In vain with \* Circled Fancies sooths her Grief,  
Yet Circled Fancies gives her no Relief.  
And what are fancy'd Circles to compare  
With real Rings, presented at the Fair.

---

\* *She was very curious in drawing Figures, and Circles for Quilting.*

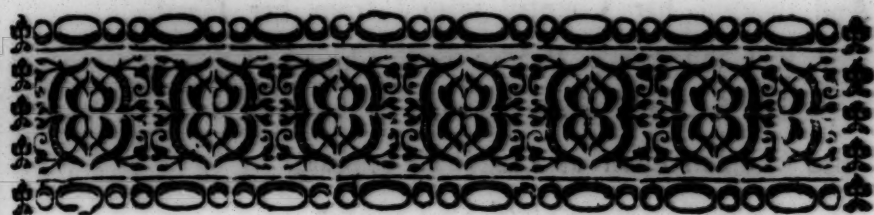
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The End of the third Canto.



CANTO





## C A N T O IV.

**H**ERE MARIANA unattended came,  
 No Hero now, that durst attempt the Dame:  
 Now horrid Sounds invade her trembling Ear,  
 There goes the *Gilt*, she heard, or seem'd to hear.

A NYMPH there was, of more than human Race,  
 That had more *Airs*, than *Graces*, in her Face;  
 More *Wit*, than *Sence*, and yet, more *Spight* than *Wit*,  
 But now, and then, she'd have a lucky *Hit*.  
 She'd been, 'tis said, in *Marriage* now confin'd,  
 Had she but met a *Gallant* to her mind.  
 So said *Report* — but who'd *Report* believe?  
 What wou'd the *Vanity* of *Man* conceive?  
 Credit who will, such a notorious *Lye*,  
 That *Nymphs* shou'd ask, who only can deny.  
 Beware what *Favours*, *Nymphs*, for *Cloe's* sake,  
 Ye either give, or suffer *Men* to take:  
 A *Kiss*, a *Blow*, a *Squeeze*, a *Pinch*, a *Shove*,  
 Kind to themselves, they all interpret *Love*:  
 Admit them to your *Bed-chambers* by *Nights*,  
 They'll quickly think you are afraid of *Sprights*.

T H U S, *Cloe* made the *Fops* believe she lov'd,  
 But, tho' she courted many, none approv'd.

## 16 STIRBITCH-FAIR.

In Politicks she chose the *Tory-Part*,  
 And thought her Country injur'd from her Heart.  
 Nor will the gentle Reader now admire,  
 We after female Politicks enquire;  
 Since Women often at Guildhalls appear,  
 To rid the Government of all its Fear.  
 How will the Parliament's severe Decree,  
 With Women's tender Consciences agree?  
 How cou'd nice squeamish Ladies ever brook,  
 To kiss with Coral Lips a greasy Book?  
 And now the Women's Consciences are ty'd,  
 They'll force, 'tis hop'd, when next Election's try'd,  
 Their Husbands Votes upon the Juster Side.  
 Unhappy Men! by an accursed Fate,  
 Above the Rest, unfortunately Great:  
 Constrain'd to wear, by their unlucky Doom,  
 \* Halter abroad, and Collars when at home.

HERE sneering *Cloe*, flirting first her Fan,  
 To *MARIANA* slept, and thus began.  
 How came you, Madam, on the Horse-fair-day,  
 The great, important Time, at home to stay?  
 When ev'ry rural Nymph, and rustick 'Squire,  
 Were here array'd in all their best Attire:  
 In their best Wigs, such as they only wear,  
 To meet the Judge — or come to *Stirbitch-Fair*:

---

\* In a Fray, which happen'd a long time ago, between the Vice-Chancellor and the Mayor of Cambridge about Precedency, the Vice-Chancellor was kill'd; the Mayor was condemn'd to be hang'd, but was pardon'd, which Escape of his, entail'd an Halter upon his Posterity; for the Aldermen to this Day, in their publick Habit are oblig'd to wear an Halter, (a filken one indeed) as an Acknowledgement their Predecessor's having deserv'd hanging.

# STIRBITCH-FAIR. 17

In their best Dresses, all the Beauties shone,  
The Beauties all were there, but you alone.

THUS spoke the fleering Serpent full of Guile,  
And ended all with a malicious Smile.  
The beauteous MARIANA nought reply'd,  
But blushing, turn'd her pretty Head aside.  
Now all the Nymphs, in Troops, around her drew;  
And all the Reason ask'd, because they knew:  
She, nothing in Reply, or little said,  
But, like a Lilly, hung her drooping Head.  
The last of all, see, MANLIUS self appears,  
From Nymph, to Nymph, the Raffling-cup he bears.  
To MARIANA next; a while she stood  
Confus'd, abash'd, and motionless as Wood.  
At length she drop'd her Shilling, MANLIUS bow'd  
She plung'd in Silence midst the thickest Crowd.

So when *Aeneas* to the *Stygian Gate*  
Alive descended, to enquire his Fate,  
The dead *Elisa*, his forsaken Love,  
Sudden retir'd into the Mirtle Grove:  
Whilst he expects to hear the Furies Train  
Invok'd against a false, and perjur'd Swain;  
To hear her call *Jove's* angry Thunder down,  
Thunder — which her own angry Voice cou'd drown.  
She, with majestick Indignation fir'd,  
At once, in silent, fullness, retir'd.  
How much by happy Silence she exprest,  
May by the *Trojan Hero's* Grief be guest.  
See him in Grief, at Distance, yet pursue,  
He keeps the much lamented Shade in view:

D

And



## 18 STIRBITCH-FAIR.

And, yet he follows his beloved Dear,  
Wat'ring each Footstep with a falling Tear.

B E silent, Ladies; wou'd ye lovely prove,  
Inviolate, this Maxim always hold;  
Let living Dido teach you how to Love,  
And let the Dead instruct ye how to Scold.  
Where shall a Virgin hide her blushing Face,  
What desert Land, what unfrequented Place:  
Suppose she spends the tedious Hours at home,  
There, even there some idle Fops will come.  
Suppose she 'goes to Church — that seems at best  
Too publick, tho' more private than the rest.  
But let her sit conceal'd from mortal View,  
And take the lowest part of all the Pew,  
In vain — some Youth will, with engaging Airs,  
Lean o'er the Side, and interrupt her Pray'rs.

N O w she resolves to lay her Fears aside,  
And bravely shows that Face, she cannot hide.  
Constant at Church, and at the Playhouse seen,  
Unchang'd her Look, and unconcern'd her Mein:  
Without a Blush, thro' Troops of armed Foes  
(Such is the Force of Innocence) she goes.

T H E Players now had spent their Tragic Rage,  
And \* strutted out their Time upon the Stage.  
Summon'd to go, they hasten to obey,  
To Night presented was the farewell Play:  
The Play determin'd by no Female Voice;  
But left entirely to the Actors Choice.

Willing

---

\* *An Allusion to that fine Speech in Macbeth — Like the poor Player, &c.*

## STIRBITCH-FAIR.

19

Willing to please each Sex, they now had nam'd,  
*Love and a Bottle*, was the Play proclaim'd;  
A Play that either Sex alike might move,  
WINE for the Men, and for the Women LOVE.

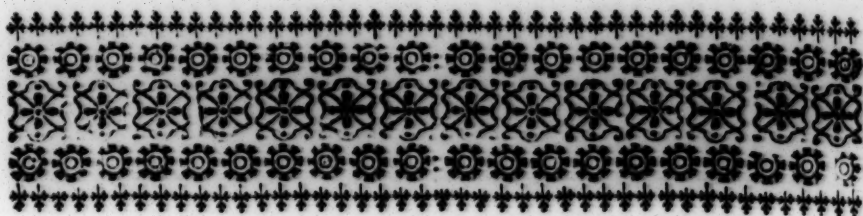
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The End of the fourth Canto.



D 2

CANTO



## C A N T O V.

NOW in each College, and in ev'ry HALL,  
 The Bells invite, but few obey the Call;  
 Tutors themselves, impatient of Delay,  
 Neglect their Pray'rs, and supper for the Play.  
 The Conduct prays, now all the rest are gone,  
 And what he likes much better — sups alone.

THESE \* Players were not of the poultry kind,  
 That leave their Cloaths, if not their Shirts behind.  
 But gen'rous Souls, that scorn'd the bilking Trade,  
 Their Scenes oft shifted, but their Reck'nings paid.

TO them, the † Consul of the present Year,  
 Gave leave on Attick-ground a Booth to rear.  
 Tho' frugal Seniors may the Action blame,  
 The Youth shall praise, and consecrate to Fame,

Thole

---

\* *The Norwich Company.*

† *The Vice Chancellor.*



# STIRBITCH-FAIR.

21

Those very Seniors who Respect derive,  
More from their Goodness than a Length of Life  
For they instruct the Juniors how to live,  
And sacred Rules, with good Examples give.

THE Booth was crowded; in the lowly Pit  
The humble Pensioners contented sit;  
The Fellow-Commoners (a nobler Band)  
High on the Stage, in vain forbidden, stand.  
One, with an Air *Francois*, takes Spanish Snuff,  
Ogles the Fair, Genteel, and vain enough.  
One, with the Musick sings, in equal Pace,  
In publick View, and hums out ev'ry Grace;  
Perhaps observant more of Time than Place.

}

THE *Cambridge* Beauties all, a dazzling Sight,  
Take no Advantage of the Candle light,  
Which makes false Jewels, and false Faces bright.  
Of Charms, no Circle hath a greater Store;  
They shine in Beauty, but in Virtue more.

}

IN the Side-Box our NYMPH conspicuous sat,  
By her own Choice, or by the will of Fate:  
No Epilogue to Night the Damsel cry'd,  
An Epilogue there is, a Voice reply'd.

BUT hark! the Bell, behind the Curtain, rings,  
The Fiddlers cease, nor more torment the Strings.  
Now on the Stage the King of Strollers trod,  
Prompting behind him an Inferior flood.

*Thepis*

## 22 STIRBITCH-FAIR.

\* *Thespis*, who first began the Strollers Art,  
 With moving Plays came rumbling in his Cart,  
 And next to that (distracted Sight) appears,  
 The beauteous MARIANA, all in Tears.  
 'Tis Her, 'tis Her, the Insolent deride,  
 What other has an Hand too fair to be deny'd?  
 For Laughter all, their Mouths extended large,  
 Stand ready cock'd, and all at once discharge.  
 Inhuman Poet! that cou'd thus disgrace,  
 And call forth Blushes in a lovely Face.  
 Cruel, obdurate, unrelenting Heart,  
 That thus cou'd lash a Nymph behind a Cart.

H O M E goes the Fair, furcharg'd with boundless Grief,  
 O'erwhelm'd with Woes, that knew not a Relief.  
 Burning with Rage too potent to controul,  
 She sigh'd, she sob'd, she sorrow'd from her Soul.  
 She tore the costly Pinner from her Hair,  
 Which Dutcheffes themselves might deign to wear.  
 Thrice she assay'd to speak, but thrice her Woe  
 Drowned her Words, and Tears began to flow.  
 At length she spoke — she spoke with fearful Eyes,  
 Heart-breaking Sobs, and intermingled Sighs.

A n Mother! Mother! had I but believ'd  
 Thy Dream Prophetick! which I then conceiv'd  
 The vain Effects of a distemper'd Mind,  
 But now too true by sad Experience find.  
 And sure some angry Goddess, snatch'd away,  
 My better Senses, in that fatal Day.

Oh!

---

\* *The Epilogue began with Thespis Waggon.*

# STIRBITCH-FAIR.

23

Oh! that I'd but remain'd obscure in Town,  
 Nor once came here to purchase dear Renown;  
 No Poet there expos'd in publick View,  
 My private Conduct, to a grinning Crew;  
 No Wit attackt me there, and who cou'd fear,  
 Or once suspect, (ye Gods) to meet it here.  
 But far I'll fly from this detested Race,  
 And leave this hated, tho' my native Place.  
 Sooner shall Freshmen, not the Wrangles, dodge;  
 And Rakes take Chambers near the Masters Lodge.  
 Sooner with *Whiggish* Zeal shall *Tories* burn,  
 And *B——* be restor'd — than I return.  
 Yes 'tis resolv'd — this very Night I'll go,  
 A Coach, my Fortune for a Coach — but oh!  
 'Tis now too late, I am already known,  
 By ev'ry Wit, and Prude, throughout the Town.  
 I fear, I fear, I shall become e'er long,  
 Each Rhymers Subject, and each Drunkards Song,  
 The private Pity, and the publick Scorn;  
 An Heroine in Ditte's most forlorn;  
 Songs to be sung by Beggars yet unborn.  
 But long, ah long before that fatal Day,  
 May I be cold, inanimated Clay,  
 And this fair Hand, the cause of a Disgust,  
 Reduc'd to Ashes, and uncomely Dust.  
 Then, even M A N L I U S, shall my Fate deplore,  
 And they that blame me most, shall pity more.

}

She said — the melting Audience nought reply,  
 But starting Tears gush forth from M A R I A N 's Eye.  
 After a Pause, one wiser than the rest,  
 Rising, the Fair Afflicted thus address.

This



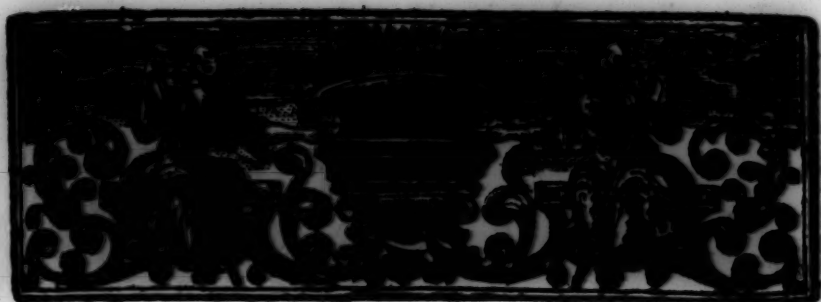
24      STIRBITCH-FAIR.

This for to morrow, now to Rest let's go,  
There sooth in Sleep this bitterness of Woe.  
The Nymph obey'd, and with a drooping Head,  
Retir'd in Sorrow, supperless, to Bed.

---

The End of the fifth and last Canto.





## MISCELLANIES.

To the *Norwich* LADIES.

Y Inclination led, not Thirst of Praise,  
An alien Muse presents her humble Lays:  
A modest Freedom she pretumes to own,  
And hopes Protection, from the Fair unknown.  
For Ages past, the Muses ever found  
The Fair indulgent ; and their Wishes crown'd.

WALLER but faintly touch'd the warbling Lyre,  
'Till *Sachariffa* fet his Soul on Fire :  
Nay *Myra* too, did LANSDOWN'S Muse inspire.

IT'S now, O *NORWICH*! I, with Transport view  
Thy Blooming Fair, to whom my Songs are due.  
As yet a *STRANGER*, I can little say,  
But wait with Patience for a clearer Day.  
Time may present some intervening Pause,  
Wherein I boldly may exert their Cause.  
And far as *FAME* her speckled Wings can bear,  
Proclaim, how Fair, how Chaste, and Wise they are.

## 26 MISCELLANIES.

THO' DUCK swims smoothly on the limpid Stream,  
 And Royal Bounty does his Worth proclaim :  
 Tho' Fortune courts him, with a giving Hand ;  
 And Pow'r invests him with a magick Wand.  
 Yet I, nor envy This, nor That despise,  
 Nor dare I hope so high a Pitch to rise :  
 Contented humbly, to behold afar,  
 The radiant Lustre of a rising Star.  
 If ye but smile, my utmost Wish I have ;  
 Bless me in That, let his be *Merlin's Cave*.

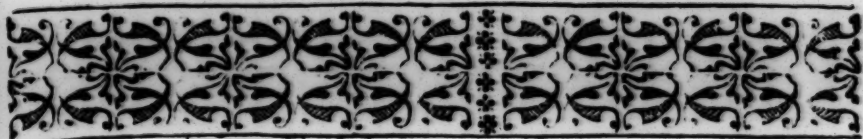


To a FRIEND,  
 Who labour'd under Misfortunes.

FORTUNE is blind, or will not see ;  
 Else you my Friend wou'd Happy be.  
 To Fools, she Wealth in Plenty gives,  
 The Brave, and Wise, too oft deceives,  
 And leads them hopeless to their Graves.



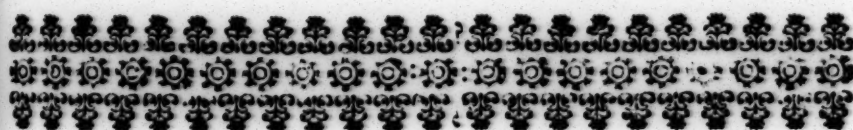




On a Rich Miser, who offer'd his All when  
a Dying, for One Hour's Health.

CRESSUS is Sick, yet fain wou'd live,  
To purchase Life, his All wou'd give.

But know vile Wretch, not all thy Store,  
Can gain thee now one healthful Hour,  
For Death does thee, as Time will that devour.



On the Motto (IMPROVE ME) under  
the Figure of TIME, fixt on the Dial-  
Plate at St. Giles's Church, in Norwich.

STAY Mortal, stay! look up a while and see,  
Behold a faithful Monitor in ME.

IMPROVE ME, that is all! nor ask I more;

In Peace I'll waite thee to the wisht-for-Shore,

Where endless Bliss await the Happy Few,

When TIME's well spent, Eternity's in view.



### An ACROSTICK.

M atchless FENNETA, shews like blooming May,  
O n her soft Lips ten thousand Cupids play.  
L ively, yet Chaste, Modest, without Disguise,  
L ike *Hellen* fair, and as *Minerva* wise;  
Y e Gods! how exquisitly bright her Eyes.

F riendship, from all its servile Dross refin'd,  
E xalts her Worth, and cultivates her Mind.  
N orwich, may well with ancient *Sparta* boast,  
N ow she Out-Rivals the fair *Grecian* Toast.



### On Miss C. C.

B EHOLD CRASSINDA's soft bewitching Face,  
And view with Raptures each peculiar Grace:  
Where native Innocence with Beauty's join'd,  
Virtue unsully'd, and a sprightly Mind.

W HAT Anchoret, retir'd to gloomy Cell,  
But wou'd, with Joy, each pensive Thought repel,  
And wish his Fate revers'd, with her to dwell.  
To her, devoted, he'd his Time employ,  
To reap the Pleasures of Connubial Joy,  
Swim on soft Seas of Bliss which ne'er will eloy.

On



## On the SAME.

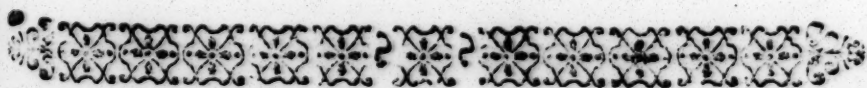
## A SONG.

## ( 1. )

C RASSINDA has Charms, which none can deny;  
 Soft Ruby Lips, and a clear Brilliant Eye.  
 Bright Virtue, like *Argus*, stands guarding the Fair;  
 The Graces, alternate, attend her with Care:  
 Then who can behold, and not to admire,  
 Those Charms, chaste Love and Virtue inspire.

## ( 2 )

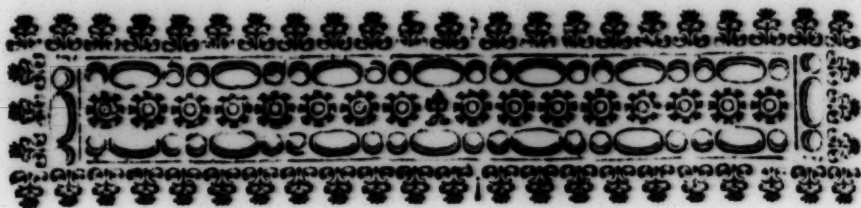
V I R T U E alone, makes our Joys most compleat;  
 Expells e'ry Doubt our Fears may create:  
 Lulls the fond Lover to sweet balmy Rest;  
 And crowns with Content C R A S S I N D A's soft Breast.  
 How happy's the Youth, who is doom'd to possess  
 This Nymph, which has Beauty, and Wit to excel.



## On the SAME.

O F T as I gaze on fair C R A S S I N D A's Face,  
 I start astonish'd at each dazzling Grace.  
 Something Divine there shines in her soft Frame,  
 Which, nor Art can paint, nor Poet ever name.  
 Lo! there Love's God in his own Empire lies,  
 And reigns Triumphant in C R A S S I N D A's Eyes.





## A S O N G.

( 1. )

**W**HEN Zephyrs, first waft the soft Breeze,  
 And Nature enamels each Green,  
 How pleasant and gay seem the Trees,  
 Where sweet budding Flowers are seen ;  
 See *Norwich* fair Train move along,  
 The Florist in Splendour to view ;  
 At *Rayner's*, behold the gay Throng,  
 Where each does her Conquests pursue.

( 2. )

SEE *Phœbus* flies swiftly away,  
 Who once a chaste Nymph wou'd undo ;  
 Now conscious his Rays might betray,  
 A *Daphne*, fair *Silvia* in you.  
 Now *Cupid* attends on the Fair,  
 And *Venus* does her Charms resign.  
 Each Youth, full of Raptures, declare,  
 The Cestus, and Graces, are Thine.

( 3. )

TILL now, I ne'er wish'd to be Great,  
 Nor at my hard Fate cou'd repine ;

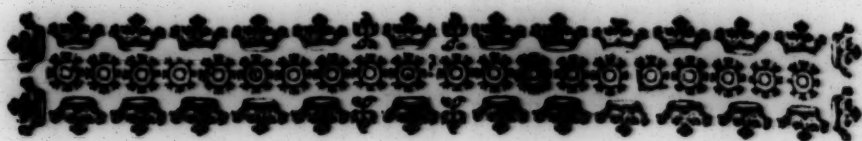
Yet

Yet who from fond Love can retreat,  
 Betray'd by an Archer Divine.  
 Thou Heart-wounding-God, why at me,  
 Thy keenest swift Arrows do fly;  
 And is it thy final Decree,  
 That ev'ry true Lover must Dye?

( 4. )

THOU blind little Urchin, forbear  
 To Wound, where no Cure you design;  
 Release my fond Heart you ensnare,  
 Or her's in exchange give for mine.  
 What Mortal so bold, dare presume,  
 On *Silvia* to cast a fond Eye,  
 Destruction must sure be his Doom;  
 Or, like bright *Apollo*, must fly.





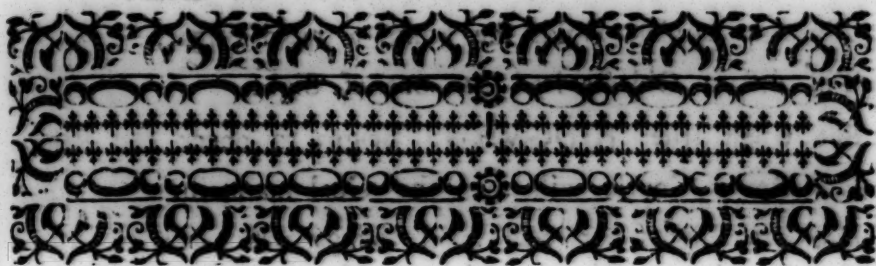
## To his MISTRESS.

**T**HOU my Soul's Treasure, and my only Hope,  
 Pride of my Reason, and my Passion's scope:  
 Whose ev'ry Motion can Delight inspire,  
 And whose bright Eye-Beams sets my Soul on Fire!  
 A thousand Raptures tingles in each Vein,  
 And my warm Bosom throbs with aching Pain.  
 Too fierce the Torture for my Breast to bear;  
 Reason's dethron'd — I am all o'er Despair.

W H O so accurs'd, can bear an equal Mind,  
 When most I Love, alas! most Scorn'd I find:  
 Despis'd, unpitty'd, by a Fair unkind.  
 Give me, thou cruel Nymph, my Heart intire,  
 Such as it was, before thou didst conspire  
 To raise the Flame of Love's eternal Fire.  
 Or teach me how I may your Pity move,  
 And in Return, I'll shew thee how to Love.

R E F L E C T dear Charmer, what for you I bear,  
 How my swoln Breast now burns with anxious Care.  
 What mortal Man cou'd do, I've done, to see  
 If yet once more, I cou'd my Heart set free;  
 But all in vain; for O! the Wound's too deep,  
 No Art can cure it, but eternal Sleep.  
 Be mine what Fate you will, ye Pow'rs Divine,  
 Guard, and protect, my ever Lov'd —





To a GENTLEMAN,  
Who desir'd a Poetical Description of WIT  
and JUDGMENT.

SIR,

TO me, so hard a Task you now assign.  
As labour'd Study ne'er cou'd yet define.  
My Muse, presumes not an *Icarian* Flight,  
Nor dare she soar above her usual Height.  
To pencil WIT, and draw each Line minute,  
Wou'd be indeed, to end a grand Dispute.  
To level Mountains, or to grasp the Sun,  
As easy may by Pigmy-Man be done.  
A thousand Things of diff'rent natures all,  
Compound that Creature which true Wit you call.  
A flashing Meteor; now behold it pass;  
Now like *Champaign*, it sparkles o'er your Glass.  
In diff'rent Shapes it now attracts the Eye,  
A SWIFT, a POPE, a GAY, a WYCHERLY.

F

THE

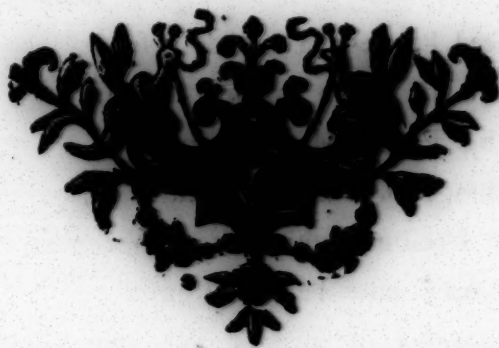
## 34 MISCELLANIES;

THE fruitful Genius, by wild Fancy's led,  
Through dreary Shades, or Mansions of the Dead:  
Through pathless Wilds she bends a rapid Flight,  
Till distant Objects lead her out of Sight.  
But when true JUDGMENT deigns to check the Rein,  
Her steady Course will then the Goal maintain.  
*Dedalian* Flights her well try'd Wings will take;  
Nor soar too high, nor skim too nigh the Lake:  
With well connected Thoughts she'll grace each Page;  
And nobly scorn the snarling Critick's Rage.

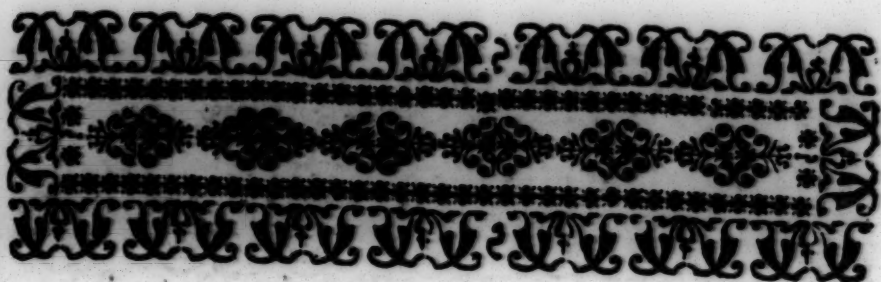
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P. S.

THIS Answer, I hope Sir, will give no Offence,  
Tho' Master of Arts I ne'er yet did commence.  
The witty *A. M.* you've tagg'd to my Name,  
More adds to my Mirth, than redounds to your Fame.  
Read This; and scan it, as your Fancy thinks fit;  
Perhaps o'er a Bottle 't may enliv'n your WIT.



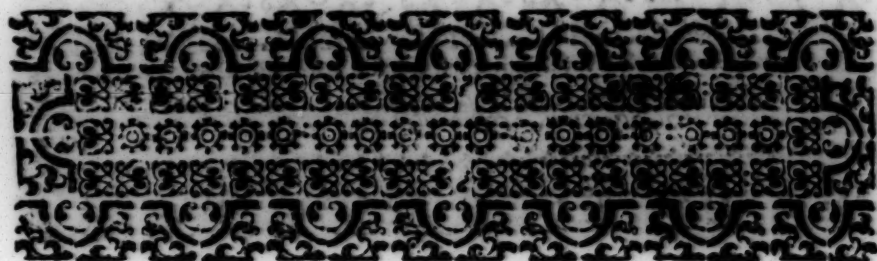
CLOE



*CLOE*, and her L A P - D O G.

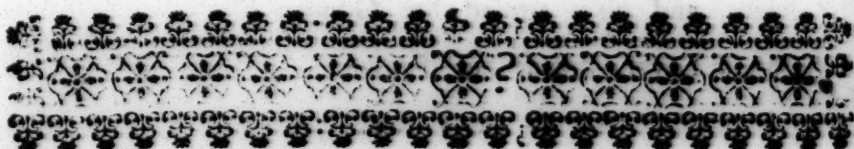
**A** S *CLOE* once, reclining, sat,  
 Revolving on some am'rous Chat;  
 Or musing on some new Amour,  
*Shock*, pays his Salutation to'er.  
 Now erect, the Trifler stands,  
 With balmy Tongue he licks her Hands.  
 In angry Mood, averse to Play,  
 She drives the fondling Cur away.  
 He soothes, and plays around her Gown;  
 Yet, like a Lover, dreads her Frown:  
 Tries ev'ry little Art to please her,  
 But all his Art does nought but tease her  
 Deaf to Rebukes, again he tries,  
 Again repulst, away he flies;  
 His little Heart, with Anger burns;  
 Now this, now that way oft he turns;  
 Till by Surprise he storms the Fair,  
 Leaps in her Lap, and takes his Mansion there.





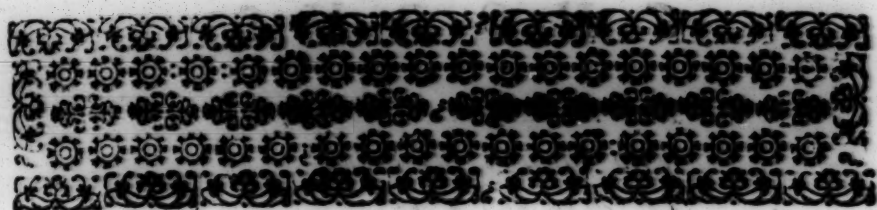
On Miss T——.

**W**OU'D Fate indulge in all my Soul cou'd ask,  
 At first how hard wou'd seem the arduous Task?  
 When, for my Treasure, I'd disdain with Scorn  
 That Trifle, which on *Atlas* Head was born:  
 In blest *Olympus* wou'd I scorn a Seat;  
 But grant *TRISSETTA*, *Jove*, and make my Wish complet.



Another on the Same.

**T**H O' *Alexander* did the World controul,  
 'Twas too minute for his ambitious Soul.  
 I burn with far a more ambitious View,  
**T**RISSETTA, only, can its Rage subdue.



# An O D E,

Humbly Inscib'd to the MUSICK-CLUB,  
at the *Maid's-Head* in *Norwich*.

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## I.

BREATH E ye Muses, softest Five,  
Give new Life to each silent String :  
The slow sounding Lute inspire,  
In sprightly Notes let K—r sing.  
Hark ! L—n tunes the warbling Lyre,  
Each Soul exults with fond Desire,  
To hear the soft bewitching Strain,  
Which C—k, and he does well maintain.

Now

## 68 MISCELLANIES.

Now see the well chose Band in Concert play,  
To chase the gloomy Cares of Night away.

### C H O R U S.

*Now the Roof does rebound,  
With Musick's soft Sound,  
Let ev'ry dull Care,  
Be vanish'd in Air,  
There's Room for nought else, but Harmony here.*

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### II.

Now each Note both soft and clear,  
Enlivens the Heart, and Charms the Ear.  
Hark! Hark again! now *K*—r sings,  
And *L*—n strikes the trembling Strings;  
Each Minstrel now exerts his Skill,  
Fly Discord hence, let ev'ry Noise be still.  
Be Happy ye Few,  
Who thus can pursue,  
Soft Musick's alluring Vocation;  
May *Apollo* impart,  
To you all his Art,  
As fit for so noble a Station.

### C H O R U S.

*Now the Roof does rebound,  
With Musick's soft Sound,*

*Let*



# MISCELLANIES 39

*Let ev'ry dull Care,  
Be vanish'd in Air,  
There's Room for nought else, but Harmony here.*

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## III.

MUSICK can calm the troubled Mind,  
And charm the wand'ring Sense;  
The anxious Breast may Comfort find,  
It ev'ry Grief can banish hence.  
*Amphion* cou'd once  
Make Stones to dance,  
By Musick's pow'rful Charm;  
*Sad Orpheus* too  
Cou'd Wonders do,  
His Song cou'd Death disarm.  
In Musick's soft Sound,  
Such Magick is found,  
As wou'd each rude Passion assuage:  
May it ever prevail  
Over Death, and o'er Hell,  
And melt to Remorse each fierce burning Rage.  
Now Musick lulls to balmy Rest,  
And Joys seraphick, swells each Breast.

## C H O R U S.

*Now the Roof does rebound,  
With Musick's soft Sound,*

*Let*

40 MISCELLANIES.

*Let ev'ry dull Care,  
Be vanish'd in Air,  
There's Room for nought else, but Harmony here.*

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F I N I S.

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